THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Expresses Himself on Fortune Telling.

"Ar' Brudder Invisible Jackson in de hall to night?" blandly queried the president as the meeting opened.

Invisible was visible. He was back by the stove, and had his shoes off to tickle his chilblains. After a little delay he made his way to the upper end of the hall and the president continued:

"Brudder Jackson, de report has come to me dat you ar' tellin' fortunes in your nayburhood fur de small sum of two bits a passon."

"Yes, sah, I.e bin tellin' a few."

"As you hev bin a member of dis club fur de las' two y'ars you mus' be aware of de fack dat fortune tellin', sellin' dream books an' all dat sort of nonsense am agin our rules. A passon who sots out to hev his fucher predicted am soft in de head; de passon who takes money to predict it am a knave. I shall suspend you from membership fur three months, an' if we h'ar dat you am still in de swindlin' bizness you will be expelled fur good. You kin put on your hat an' go."

Invisible was badly broken up, and there were tears in his eyes as he passed out. When he had gone the president continued.

"I want to say to dis large, cultivated and refined audience dat de fate of Invisible Jackson will be de fate of any odder member who am found so fur off his balance as to be runnin' after fortune tellers, no matter how cheap deir prices. My experience in dis world has taught me:

"1. If dar' was anything in good dreams I'd hev bin an angel long ago.

"2. If dar' was anything in bad ones I'd hev bin in de odder place afore I was 20 y'ars old.

"3. It am werry pleasant to be told dat you am gwine to fall heir to great riches, but dat doan' buy 'taters nor pay rent.

"4. Only sich men as hate work, an' only sich wimin as want an excuse to leave home, believe in fortune tellin'.

"5. If it am predicted dat a man am gwine to hev a great piece of luck he'll set down in some saloon to wait for it.

"6. If it am predicted dat he am gwine to hev a great trubble he'll go home an' blame his wife an' lick his children.

"I warn you to let de hull bizness alone. A dollar a day an' a steady job will pan out mo' money in six months dan all de fortune tellers in the world kin bring ye in fifty y'ars. Dar am jist as many good dreams as bad, an' none of 'em am worf de powder to blow up an' ole hoss. Signs might have meant sumthin' 1,000 y'ars ago, but dey am played out now. If you h'ar de 'death tick' in a wall it's jist as much a sign dat you am gwine to find a diamond pin in the road as it ar' dat some of the fam'ly ar' gwine to die afore the y'ar is out. Let us now pick up de abnormal bizness of de meetin'."—Detroit Free Press.

A Traveler with a Record.

"Talking about traveling," said a newsboy on a Northwestern express, "I guess I've done about as much traveling as anybody in this country. I am now 35 years old, and have been traveling pretty much all my life. Began as a baby, traveled with my father and mother three months, then laid off six years. After that I began selling papers on a suburban train in St. Louis, and at 8 years of age got a regular run out on the Vandalia. Have been working a train ever since. For almost thirty years I've been riding on railway cars regularly, and the other day I was calculating that I'd traveled in my time 2,500,000 miles, or equal to 100 times around the world. The fact is, gentlemen, I was born on a train."

"Where?"

"Out in Nebraska."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five years."

"You are telling what isn't so. Thirty-five years ago there weren't any railways in Nebraska."

"Who said there was? I was born on board a mule train bound for California, and it took us three months to get there. Let me sell you this copy of Bob Ingersoll's 'Mistakes of Moses.'"—Chicago Herald.

Mistaken in the Person.

"Here, sir; look at this, sir," roared a man coming into the room of the editor of one of our contemporaries, and slamming the last issue of the paper down on the desk, "what does this mean, sir?"

"I beg your pardon," said the editor, with infinite suavity, "to what do you refer?"

"There, sir, in that obituary notice of my respected wife's mother, you have made it to say that she was 'consigned to her last roasting place,' sir."

"Well," replied the editor, with inquiring innocence, "aint that right?"

"Right, sir? Right?" repeated the man, angrily. "No, sir. It should have been 'last resting place,' sir."

"Oh, ah, excuse me," said the editor; "I must have been thinking of myself. Here, take this club, the foreman will direct you to the proof reader. Good morning."—Washington Critic.

Geography and Patent Medicines.

"They tell me you are out of work. I thought you had a splendid job with that patent medicine house." "So I did have; but I got myself into trouble before I had been there a month. It was all owing to my ignorance of geography. You see I didn't know how to apportion the testimonials, and the consequence was that people got circulars chockful of testimonials dated right in their own vicinity. Of course, it wasn't long before we received bushels of letters calling us cheats, swindlers and other pet names. Well, to make a long story short, I left. The folks said they liked me first rate; personally they had no fault to find with me. But I could see how it was myself. A knowledge of geography was the one thing needful in the patent medicine business."—Boston Transcript.

He Knew All About It.

Professor Fidele Zizzenbart, as every genius, is somewhat eccentric. The following is told of him. A gentleman asked him one day:

"Professor, why don't you publish some of your compositions?"

"Why don't I? Well, sir, in the first place, if you write something, you can't find a publisher; if you do find a publisher he will not pay you anything; if the piece is published nobody will buy it; if somebody buys it he can't play it, and if he can he don't like it."—Pittsburg Press.

Proving Her Authority.

He was a tall, lanky young fellow with watery blue eyes, faded hair and a mustache which looked like a streak of red paint. From head to foot he was attired in store clothes, and but for a very pronounced expression of anxiety on his face he might have passed for a jolly young farmer seeing the city. In his arms were half a dozen bundles, and beside him stood a pretty young woman who wore over a silk dress a plush cloak of fashionable make and a Cleveland hat. The color on her cheeks was suggestive of long acquaintance with country air. It was plain as a white-washed fence that they had but recently been married. They stood on the corner of Clark and Madison streets and watched the cars go by for a few moments and then he said, with a little cough of importance:

"Well, Sarey, I reckon we'll git on one of these cars and ride over tew the depot." It's 'bout time we was goin'."

"Mercy, Steven how you talk. There ain't no use of ridin' when we can just walk over to the dapo."

"Now, Sarey, I'm s'prised at you opposin' what I want to do. I'm your husband, ain't I?" sputtered the young man.

"And I'm your lawfully wedded wife," replied the bride with great asperity; "but we might jest as well have it out right here. It ain't a speck more'n five squares to the dapo, and that ain't no further than it is from our house to the pump in the meader, an' you've got to walk that every mornin' an' night, sure's you're a foot high. You can't take no street car to that pump, an' you can't save ten cents no quicker an' no better way than jest a-trotting over to that dapo with me. You can argue or trot, jest wi ich you choose, but I ain't goin' to get into one of them cars if I stand here 'till Sally Wiggins' baby is an old man."

He decided to trot.—Chicago News.

Mr. Stetson's Darky.

John Stetson while talking the other day to a few friends in the lobby of the Fifth Avenue theatre told the following story: "I had a colored man about my Boston theatre," said he, "who was, I think, the laziest nigger I ever encountered. I stood him as long as I could, but when he reached the point of sleeping all the morning and dozing all the afternoon, I had to get rid of him. He came to me a few days after his discharge and asked to be taken on again. I refused him on the score of principle, and he then begged hard for a recommendation. 'You just give me a riccommend, boss, an' I won't ursk nothin' mo'.' Well, I finally consented, and you should have seen his eyes glisten as I handed him the following:

"'To whom it may concern: The bearer, John Smith, is fully competent to perform any duties for which he is qualified.

JOHN STETSON.'

"A day later he came back looking rather crestfallen. 'I tuk dat paper to Lawyer Blank,' said he, 'and he luk at it so, and den he luk at it so, and den he scratch he head,' and the darkey imitated a man 'perplexed in the extreme.' 'Den, Mistah Stetson, he tole me to brung dat riccomend back to you and ursk you to be so kind as to write jest heah what my kalifercashuns is.' 'And you want me to do that?' I asked. 'If you'll be so kind, Mistah Stetson.' Well, I took the letter and found that the lawyer had written at the bottom: 'What are the qualifications referred to above?' I wrote underneath: 'I have been trying to find out for eighteen months, and except a capacity for sleep haven't discovered any. Suppose you try now.' I was never troubled with that darkey again.—New York Tribune.

They Passed His Books.

"I suppose," savagely observed the chairman of the board of supervisors, "that we ought to look over the accounts of the county treasurer."

"I think he is all right," replied one of the members.

"What makes you?"

"Well, he's got two patches on his Sunday pants, and his wife was working like a nailer yesterday to get a thirty cent dress for twenty-nine cents a yard."

The books were not examined.—Wall Street News.

A Fireman's Life.

Very few people realize the dangers to which our gallant firemen are continually exposed.—Texas Siftings.

Ephemeral Fathers.

An estimable lady of the west side has had the fortune of three husbands—two having passed over to the majority. By the first husband there is a son; by the second a very bright little daughter. One day, while some lady friends were lunching with the mother, the little girl asked:

"Mamma, has Jack a papa in heaven?"

"Yes, darling; hush!" replied mamma.

"Have I a papa in heaven?"

"Yes, darling; hush!" repeated mamma.

After a pause and profound thinking, the little miss added:

"Papas don't last long, do they, mamma?"—Yenowine's News.

Just Like Grown Up People.

A mother gave her little boy two bright, new pennies and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought the child replied:

"I am going to give one to the missionaries and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy."

After awhile he returned from his play and told his mother that he had lost one of the pennies.

"Which did you lose?" she asked.

"I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied. How many grown people are like that little boy!—Richmond Religious Herald.

Pour Prendre Conge.

One of the bits of gossip afloat in Washington is that a rich woman from the west, now in that city for the first time, received the card of a southern girl recently which bore in the lower, left hand corner the letters "P. P. C." "Well, I declare," said she, tossing it down contemptuously, "that girl is so proud of being President Polk's cousin that she has to put it on her card."—Boston Herald.

Small Wonder.

Countryman in the gallery of the stock exchange!—How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?

Mister—The seats, I think, are worth about $30,000.

Countryman (fetching his breath)—Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up.—Life.

Value of a Good Name.

A Chinaman who wished to secure work on a railroad where most of the excavators were Irish, presented himself to the superintendent of the works and asked for a job. "You heap likee me work," said he.

"What do you want to do?"

"I makee railload. I keepee wash house allee same. I no care."

"What's your name?"

"My name Patlick O'Laffaty!"

"Patrick O'Rafferty! Now, that is stealing a name."

"Welly goot name!"

"Oh, come, Hop Key, or whatever your name is, what did you give me an Irish name for?"

"If I no hab Patlick O'Laffaty faw my name, I no letchee contlact! You see!"—Youths' Companion.

Been There Before.

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked passionately.

"No, George," she answered with admirable poise, "but when you say that the day you call me your's will usher in an era of lifelong devotion and tender solicitude, you—pardon me dear—you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow."—New York Sun.

No Fun in Him.

Mamma—What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

Bertie—Tommy ain't got no fun in him.

Mamma—He hasn't?

Bertie—No; we was playing horse, and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry baby around me.—Tid Bits.

AT THE END OF THE CHUTE.

The maid had on a blanket suit;
The beau had on one, too,
As they adown the slippery chute
On their toboggan flew.

"Oh, hold me tight!" the maiden cried,
A gasping for her breath.
"I am!" the frightened youth replied.
A hanging on like death.

Like railway trains, like lightning hot,
Like meteors from the sky,
Like bullets from a rifle shot
Did they in terror fly.

The shrieks that maiden gave with might
Were floating far behind
As now, invisible to sight,
Down, down they went it blind.

The old toboggan humped and bumped
Along the icy glare,
Then, of a sudden, up it jumped
And slid right on the air.

On air alone it had to send
Till, with a mighty throe
And with a soft and sickening thud,
It plunged four feet in snow.

And left four feet stuck out beside
That brought, when pulled right smart,
Two bags of snow which vainly tried
To tell themselves apart.

—H. C. Dodge in Puck.

The Passenger Who Bought a Coat.

A passenger from Springfield was telling of his purchase of an overcoat from a Hebrew merchant on South Clark street. The price was $30.

"If dot goat doan't suit you, pring it pack right avay an' ve'll gif you your monish back, subject to all fluctuations in the market. If de goat market goes up, you gets more monish as you paid vor him; if de goat market goes down, you lose de difference only, my dear, besides havin' de use of de goat. Dot's de vay all peesiness vas done in Chicago, my vriend."

On these terms the passenger from Springfield paid over his $30 and took the coat. Next day, having examined the garment more thoroughly, he concluded that he didn't want it, and so took it back.

"Vot! Dot goat not suit you?" exclaimed the merchant. "Vell, ve take him back, Isaac, put dot goat on the shelluf, an' gif de shendleman six tollars."

"But I paid you $30 for the coat, and want my money back."

"So, my friend, but goats haf gone down last night. I guess it vos de war news from Europe. Goats are down, an' we haf marked our whole stock at cost. Isaac, six dollars for the shendlemans. You only lose the difference, my dear, an' you had de goat all night. Dot's de vay peesiness vas done in Chicago."—Chicago Herald.

Hard Work to Wind Up a Prayer.

Representative W. W. Rice, of Massachusetts, being called upon for a few feeble remarks at the end of a dinner last week, said that the presiding genius reminded him of a Methodist convert down in Maine. He had been anything but a praying man, yet when he had once joined the church the brethren thought he ought to be praying all the time. He was very slow to set about it. In fact, he positively refused in much fear and trembling. But after awhile, by dint of assiduity and dexterous tact, his near neighbor and close friend got him up in a prayer meeting one night. Once up he prayed as though he could not stop. He prayed for the universe, the world, America, the United States, the state of Maine and the county of Aroostook, not forgetting the good people of Bangor. He prayed for the church—universal, militant and triumphant, general and particular, abroad and at home. He prayed for everybody in his own congregation, present or absent, collectively and individually; he began to repeat himself. At last he turned to his friend and said in a loud whisper: "It's easy enough to pray, but it's mighty hard to peter it out right."

The Quality of Mercy.

The little brindle mule in the nigh lead slipped on the icy pavement, and Mr. Bergh's best man was on the spot. "Take that mule and have him sharpened before you drive him another foot." "He is sharpened," said the driver, "rougher than a file. Look at them hind shoes—corks on 'em that 'ud wedge a hole through an ice house." The officer lifted a hoof to see, and straightway looked over the top of a four story building. Buzzingly ran the word through the telephones: "One of your men has been nearly killed by a mule." Tenderly back came the muffled order: "See if the mule is hurt, and if it is arrest the man."—Burdette.

Those City Improvements.

I.

Uncle Josh (going into extravagance on his visit to the city)—Guess while I'm peelin' off I might jest as well ring up a bottle rum'n gum ter kind'r take the chill off.

II.

—Judge.

How Long He Would Wait.

"How long would you be willing to wait for me?" she asked, in tones so low he could scarcely catch the words.

And then she went on: "You know, George," she said; "that father has recently invested in a western silver mine, and he is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you again, George, how long would you be willing to wait for me?"

"Wait for you, my darling," repeated George with deep emotion, for his was no fleeting love, dear readers; "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver mine pans out."—Puck.

BURDETTE.

He Tells a Story Which He Calls "The Perennial Dog Days."

As we sailed down from Syracuse I fell asleep, but the old gentleman sitting beside me grew so restless and fidgety that he roused me. In the seat in front of us a lady and gentleman were carrying on one of those intellectual conversations that are evidently intended for the whole car, and tend to make travel such a rare pleasure to a man who has just escaped from the asylum. I lost the opening chapters of the dialogue, but it was evident that the lady wanted to buy a "dawg" and the gentleman knew all about "dawgs." She wanted a setter.

"Red or liver colored?" he asked.

"Oh," she didn't care; just so it was a handsome setter. "I do so love a beautiful setter. And I never had one and I just long for one."

"Well," he said, "they are beautiful dogs. I couldn't live without dogs. There's something so loving about a dog."

"So human," she said, "so more than human. There is nothing in all this world so devoted as a dog's affection."

"That's so. A dog's love is perfectly unselfish. If you feed him, he loves you; if you beat him, he still loves you."

"Oh!" she cried, "how can any one beat a dog! I hate a man who can be cruel to a dog."

"So do I. I'd shoot a man in a minute if I saw him kick one of my dogs. I have seven dogs."

"Oh, how happy you must be!"

"Yes, and there isn't a room in my house too good for those dogs, and they know it, too. You know my big, black Newfoundland, St. Augustine Le Claire? I paid $100 for him. Well, he sleeps in my room, and often he climbs right up on the bed and sleeps there."

"Oh, isn't that too cunning for anything!"

"Yes; my dogs live all over the house. Then my wife has three dogs of her own; that makes ten altogether. It seems like a good many."

"But yet you couldn't spare one?"

"Oh, no. The house would seem lonely without them. They always welcome me when I come home; they're always glad to see me. Last spring, when my Siberian bloodhound, Charlemagne, died, I thought my wife would go wild. She cried herself into hysteria and went to bed; gave up society, put on mourning and locked the piano. I couldn't eat anything myself for days. I felt as though I had lost a son."

"You have children, haven't you, Mr. Kennellthorpe?"

"Oh, yes. I have three, two boys and a girl—no, two girls—no, no; what am I thinking of? They're all girls."

Here the old gentleman collared me and dragged me furiously into the smoking car, where he backed me up against the wood box and held me fiercely by the collar.

"That's the cause of hydrophobia," he howled. "That's the kind of stuff that makes a man mad. The bite of a mad dog is healing balm after such rot as that! One hundred dollars for a dog! Buy all the curs that ever yelped. I can buy 100 dogs for $1, and then I'd only keep one and I'd kill him! Am I right?"

I feebly said "Amen."

"You are saved," he said, relaxing his hold, "and now let us sit down and smoke one of the train boy's non-combustible cigars, for I must nerve myself to a deed of awful justice."

"What is't you'll do?"

"I am going to kill that man when he gets off the train, and at the same time you will kill the woman, or I shall kill you."

But when we got to Utica they rushed the old gentleman off and took him to the asylum. And I was the only man on the train who knew what drove him mad.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

HIS BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

An Artist Relates Some of the Reminiscences of His Childhood.

Out in the village where I was born we had a crowd of boys whose life was a continual round or pleasure, as I look back upon it now. Swimming, boating, hunting, wandering in the fields with a boy's proprietary feeling of ownership of the whole earth equal to Jay Gould's and an ignorance of everything equal to an art critic's, we still got into mischief. "Si" Pickering's father owned a calf which roamed in the field behind the barn. On this calf our wicked eyes fell one day and we organized an Indian deer hunt. Theo Beck and Joe Doty drove the calf into the lane, where about a dozen of us were scattered along behind the fence, armed with bows and sharp arrows. The calf, or deer, as it was supposed to represent, came ambling friskily along, when the Indians opened fire. With a star-

tled bellow it dashed past down the lane, followed by fierce, blood curdling war whoops, to where "Si" stood with an old gun loaded with bird shot. "Si" was representing a white settler and was expected to shoot in the air, of course; but in the intense excitement of the moment, as he saw the deer plunging toward him, with eight or nine arrows sticking in him in the region of the tail, he shot his hide full of small holes. At this interesting moment his "old man" rode up and "Si's" face was a picture of surprise. He seemed quite agitated as the old man reached for him in an earnest manner. I was getting well toward the next county at the time, but I heard "Si's" explanatory remarks even after I was in the woods. The calf lived to be a respectable, sober old cow, yet I never could look upon her white face in after years without recalling "Si" floating in the air as his father held him

aloft by his suspenders and fondled him in the most approved biblical manner.—W. H. McDougall in New York World.

The Toboggan Slide.

"What is this toboggan business that we read so much about in the papers?" he asked in a Grand River avenue store the other day as he and his wife stood warming their hands at the stove.

"Why, a toboggan is a high platform with an icy slide running down."

"Yes."

"You get up there with your sled, take a pretty girl on for a partner, and down you go like greased lightning."

"Girls are willing, are they?"

"Oh, yes."

"Lots of 'em around?"

"Dozens of 'em."

"Any toboggan nigh here?"

"Now, that's enough!" said the wife as she turned on him. "If there was twenty toboggans between here and the city hall you'd go right along and sell them butter and eggs and then jog home with me without a slide!"

"Yes, I reckon I'd have to," remarked the old man with an awful sigh, and then he changed the subject to brown sugar and baking powder.—Detroit Free Press.

BILL NYE AND BIG HATS.

He Adds His Anathema to the General Chorus in the Back Row.

The late William Shakespeare once wrote in an autograph album these words:

All the world's a stage,
Sincerely your friend,
WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Perhaps he meant that there were flies on it—but we will not undertake to enter this field of thought. However, to speak in a more serious vein and treating the subject in a more dignified way, I will state that after a number of years' scrutiny of the world I am convinced that the great bard used this expression in a figurative sense only. Could he pick up his pen to-day he would either erase the above line or add to it so that it would read:

All the world's a stage and nobody but the woman in the high hat can see what is going on upon it. Yours bitterly, BILL.

It is not a new field, perhaps, this discussion of the tall hat, but I desire, in my poor, weak way to add my testimony to the testimony of those who have sat down on said hat. I feel of a truth—occasionally—that this high hat is making an old man of me and drawing lines of care here and there over my fair young face. Here at a time of life when I ought to be in the full flush and pride of manhood I find myself no longer able to build the fire in the morning, and my breath, which was once as robust as that of the upas tree, now comes in short pants.

The tall hat with a wad of timothy or a five pound pompon at the apex thereof, has brought this about. How would a man look who might sit in the bald headed row wearing a joint of stovepipe on his head trimmed with hay? Has it not been the custom for years to place bald headed men on the front row, because they offered no obstruction to the vision?

And now, what do we see?

We do not see anything!

I will leave it to any disinterested person to say whether I do not love and admire woman, whether aggregated or segregated, but she does do some things which as her friend and admirer I deeply regret.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterward learned from a member of the orchestra who saw the whole performance.

If I had not promised a former wife of mine that I would never touch liquor I would have been amply justified that evening in saturating myself with bay rum or some other seductive beverage.

I paid a large price a week beforehand for a seat at the Hamlet performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky mountains and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing I would dismiss any audience to come and hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied, and I gathered myself up in a strong, manly embrace and hugged myself with joy. The curtain humped itself, and the first act was about in the act of producing itself, when a meek little gentleman, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a woman's excursion, consisting of four female members of his family, I judged. He looked about over the house, timidly took off his coat and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he sat down to see whether executive clemency could do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably over 40, and yet with her almost beardless face she looked scarcely 38. She wore a tall, erect hat, with a sort of plume to it, made by pulling the paint brush tail out of an iron gray mule and dying it a deep crimson.

She wore other clothing, but that did not incense me so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also and kept time to the music, and breathed hard in places and shuddered once or twice. She also spoke to the miserable man who brought her. Her voice was a rich baritone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an overworked freight engine. When she spoke to her escort I noticed that he shortened up about four inches and seemed to wish he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats with domes to them, and the one who sat on my right also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to look out through the skylight of the opera house now and then. The next one to her wore a deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman who went out between the acts and came in with a pickled olive in his mouth each time. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, local option breath in her neck, patiently trying to see whether the slender legs in long, black hose belonged to Mr. Booth, Apollinarius or the ballet.

If you will continue in your excellent paper to sit down on the tall hats, I will get you quite a number of subscribers here.—Bill Nye in New York World.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Marrying by proxy is what may be considered a proxy-mate bliss.—Boston Transcript.

The woman whose favorite hymn is, "I would not live alway," has spent $230 for patent medicines during the past ten years.—Norristown Herald.

The Maine drummers at a recent dinner had on their menus the picture of a traveling man approaching a young lady in a nearly empty railroad car and saying: "I beg your pardon, is this seat engaged?"

"No, Bobby," said his mother; "you cannot go skating to-day. It's Sunday, you know." "Well, Ma," persisted Bobby; "can't I go if I'll just skate straight ahead, and not try to do any fancy work?"—Puck.

When a young man in the Aleutian Islands goes to see his girl in the evening, the parents of the girl thoughtfully retire to another compartment of the ice house, leaving a burning candle with the lovers. Do they let the candle burn? Not much; they promptly blow it out and eat it between them.—New York Tribune.

A well known clergyman's little daughter has just been put to bed and upon the stillness comes a tiny voice in the nightly prayer. Then, silence, soon broken by these words: "And, dear Lord, this afternoon I saw out upon the cold sidewalk a poor little girl, and she had no shoes or stockings on—and—and"—another silence as though staggered by the immensity of the problem—"it's none of our business, is it, God?"—Boston Transcript.

A fond father, blessed with eleven children, and withal a very domestic man, tells this story: One afternoon, business being very dull, he took the early train out to his happy home, and after a time slipped up stairs to help put the children to bed. Being missed soon, his wife went up to see what was going on. Upon opening the nursery door she exclaimed: "Why, dear, what in the world are you doing?" "Why, wifey," said he, "I am putting the children to bed and hearing them say their little prayers." "Yes," said wifey, "but this is one of our neighbor's children all undressed!" And he had to redress it and sent it home.—Chicago Living Church.